

The Mirror

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

The World is a City, Full of
Crooked Streets, Death is ye
Market Place, where all must
Meet, if Life was Merchandise
That men could Buy, ye
Rich would Always live, ye poor
Must die.

I met Bill Smith in a butcher shop this morning. Bill was behind the counter.

"What on earth is wrong with the liquor on these counters," I asked. "Never saw red liquor on counters before."

"Don't know what causes it," said Bill, "but it's all right. Have to pass a Pure Food inspection coming across the line."

"It's not like over here," says Bill, "In Edmonton the food inspection's a joke. Why, I've seen things as a practical butcher, passed right over here, that were a crime. These fellows, with all their book knowledge, are a joke. Put them up against an actual test and they wouldn't pass an A. B. C. examination."

"What they want to get is a practical man. A man who knows what to watch out for. Believe me—we've got it all our own way at present. Suits us fine."

I guess it's about as much use as a school inspection—when it offends me.

That our old friend, Mr. Barnes, has been at it again, stirring up ructions at the last meeting of the School Board.

Mr. Barnes is a real sport—of sorts.

He believes in using every opportunity of taking advantage of a man when the other fellow is at a disadvantage.

I don't like that kind of sport myself.

I like to face a fellow and fight him with equal weapons.

It's the best man, not the trickiest, I like to see getting away with the game.

Mr. Barnes' method of attack reminds you of the sniping tactics employed by the Boers in the South African war. He waits until Mr. Trustees Clark and Mackenzie are unavoidably absent from a meeting, the one away East, the other ill, to propose a move against his old bete-noir, Mr. McGill, which he knows, were they present, they would strongly oppose.

All credit to Mr. Walter Ramsay, the chairman of the Board, that he left his seat, Miss Nicholls following his example, and Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Barnes' motion, died from the natural cause of no quorum.

Mr. Barnes, no doubt, imagines himself a shrewd politician, a statesman quick to seize every strategic situation to his own ends. I call him, in plain words, a poor sport, and a jolly poor representative of public opinion. A man who uses his public office to further his private spite.

A no-use man for the people's good.

That was a pretty little bit of work the old Strathcona Council put over Edmonton at the time of the Amalgamation of the two cities.

I refer, of course, to their ultimatum that the Greater City assume responsibility for all contracts already entered into by them.

They must have been sitting up at night letting those jangling contracts, judging by the vast number of streets, some with only one house, some with none at all, that are not a motorist's paradise to people on both sides of the river.

That was some Council they had over in the sleepy little University village.

While the great I.A.M.s over here were wrangling their little wrangles, writing addresses by proxy, and pulling off such tactical moves as raids on Colored Resorts, fighting their Chief of Police, and other similar moves, Strathcona was doing the best bit of advertising and manoeuvring, the smartest real estate stunt, carried out in this little neck of the world in some time.

Take a motor and bow for miles along their well paved roads.

Go out to the University, and around by the Hon. Mr. Rutherford's delightful home. Get a glimpse of the charming residential property all about there, with houses going up by the hundreds, beautiful homes that would attract the most hazy house hunter, come back on this side, and try Twenty-Fourth Street, the Stoney Plain road, and then send back word to the garage for a car to bring in your gasoline-sprinter.

My dear brethren, we are stung!

How in the name of common sense are "our" real estate men on this side going to dispose of lots on the north side of the river, when the men they take out to buy is first shaken to pieces, next into a bad humor, and finally has to be towed home.

Oh, no, my friends not when they can get a lot for the same or less money, on a paved street and with quite equal natural advantages just by crossing the river.

We are doing a great deal of building, no doubt, all along the "tenth and twenty streets, but nothing in proportion to what is going on in the erstwhile sleepy village to the south.

Listen to some of the English investors' opinions of the way we have handled our roads in the West End.

I could relate scores of sales hoodooed from just this one cause.

Admitted that the growth in the West End has been phenomenal, and that any Council would have hard work to push paving along fast enough.

Strathcona has done it. There's your answer.

The wear and tear on motors in the West End must be terrific. No car could cope with the hard-asphalt runs piled knee-high in some places, through which a car must of necessity pass. Say they couldn't pass it. What about taking a shot on

keeping such rotten roads as they have, in even passable condition.

It isn't a question to consider.

It is a work which has to be done.

Take the motor and vehicle entrance to the City Park for another instance. Did you ever see such a disgrace?

What were they trying to throw up—mud fortifications.

It's enough to give a car the Spring Halt to even essay an entrance, while as for making it, you'd have to have one of Barney Oldfield's devil-cars, with a Barney Oldfield at the wheel.

There are how many cars in this city?

Well, then, haven't they a loud enough voice to make themselves heard?

We need a Kickers' Union in this town just about as bad as anything I know.

I went motoring one heavenly Sunday out to Stony Plain.

The road for the main part is excellent, the view obtainable one of the best in the country, but there

GILBERT & SULLIVAN REMINISCENCES



"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"—1907



"H.M.S. PINAFORE"—1909

The Gilbert & Sullivan Festival being held in the Empire Theatre this week, serves to recall the notable productions of these Comic Opera masterpieces, which have made big Edmonton audiences in past years. A reference to these appears in the "Musical and Dramatic" department of this issue.

were some water holes that would cause even a Twenty-Fourth Street to blush.

We manoeuvred one of them by taking down a farmer's fence, and plunging car foremost through his wheat field.

There was nothing else you could do.

Surely the farmers themselves should have enough pride to repair these scattered, but very annoying, spots in the road, or, failing that, should call their local representative's attention to it, and what is more, see to it that he gets something done in the matter.

A thing becomes known, and appreciates in value, according to the number of people who pass through it.

Now, no one is going to take the chance of being drowned in a quagmire just for the sake of obtaining a good view, when by taking another direction he can pass up the risk.

The demand of the entire West-to-day is not so much for more railroads, as good roads.

Then take the foolishness of those two railroads running side by side into the North Country.

A man just down from the Yellowhead this week, tells me they are utterly unnecessary, and serve absolutely only one section of the great North land.

"When you consider," said he, "the crying need of railroads to serve different and far-scattered communities all over this West-land, and that by merely double-tracking one of them, practically the same results could have been brought about. The poor judgment of the Government which granted these

charters is shown up in a distressing light."

It's another case of too-much paving unwarranted by the facts.

Never ever cared a fig for public opinion—didn't do it. My policy is fear no man, and do right. But my advice to men is fear all women, and—don't write.

Apologies of the action of the "I Won't Works" at present honoring Edmonton with their lazy and useless company, I am reminded of a story told of Bismarck.

Bismarck is always thought of as the Iron Chancellor, who cemented the German States into one empire with the blood of German soldiers shed in three great wars. But a French army surgeon, Doctor Czerwiek, in a recent volume of reminiscences from which Forest and Stream quotes, most unexpectedly presents him as a man who felt and deplored all the horrors of war. The surgeon met the statesman at Rezonville during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

"You are taking part, sir, in a terrible war," began Bismarck to the young man. "What a beginning for your career! What awful sights! What suffering!"

It is not you or these poor mutilated fellows that I should like to see here," Bismarck continued.

Stretching his hand over the horribly mutilated head, Bismarck gave mute benediction, and passed on.

The I. W. W.'s won't work themselves, so, like dogs in the manger, they endeavor to put men who have good jobs and are earning good wages, in a like position. I don't know what these organizers get for going about the country stirring up mischief, but I do know what they'd get if I had the handling of their cause.

They are the men who cry for war, war. War on Capital. War on all employers.

But they won't be here to see the Winter set in, and women and children demanding fire and bread and butter.

They don't know, and care less, what happens after they have gone on, living on the best in the land, while hard weather sets in here and there is no money in the bank, and hunger and misery stalk among the men and their families, who listened to their anarchistic advice.

Why you working-men of Edmonton are too well off to pay heed to a gang of American hangers.

Like Bismarck, I would like to exclaim, "It is not you, working-men of Edmonton, that I would like to see here, but the horrors of cold and hunger, but these foreign agitators who care for you and your supposed grievances about as much, as I care for a common, everyday, cowardly fellow who won't tell his name, but I imagine you can guess his initials.

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IN THE INVESTOR'S FIELD

The past week has seen a decided increase in real estate activity in Edmonton. Things have been surprisingly quiet in investment circles for several months back, considering the fact that actual development has gone away beyond everyone's expectations.

The building operations of the season have been of a magnitude that has probably never before been equalled in a city of similar size anywhere. September, which is usually a slow month as far as building permits go, and which last year showed a little less than \$107,000, has totalled \$2,023,676, bringing the figures for nine months up to \$12,474,551. The returns from other cities have yet to come in but unless Montreal improves on its record for other months materially, this will put the Edmonton figures ahead of those of the largest city of the Dominion for the nine month period.

The bank clearings for the month ran \$17,702,796, while Calgary's reached \$24,157,296. Ottawa has been left by both of the Alberta cities well in the rear. It will probably take some time for either of them to get further than fifth place in the Dominion. But the speed with which they have jumped up from the bottom of the table has been a marvel.

The Edmonton clearing house was established about five years ago. The city invariably stood at the bottom of the list at that time and there were those who thought that in view of the poor showing made, it was very premature to have its figures published. It remained this way for about a year. Then the upward movement commenced that has been as fascinating as a horse race. First we challenged London's position now and then. Soon we had definitely passed the old Ontario city and approached Halifax. St. John's was then beaten, then came the turn of the cities of the West. We have now passed them, our rivals were Quebec, Hamilton and Victoria. They fell behind definitely early in the year and since then we have been engaged in overhauling Ottawa, which in September was two millions behind. From now on for some time at least, the main interest will be in the race between Calgary and Edmonton.

The remarkable thing about these bank clearing returns is, as the Journal pointed out the other night, that they have been going ahead in Edmonton at this rate at a time when there was very little real estate movement. This must mean that the business growth has been of the substantial kind, something more than mere trading in property. The same observation applies to Calgary as well.

The other statistics are quite in line with those already cited. The customs returns for September were about 125 percent more than a year ago. The postal receipts show advances of from 15 to 60 percent.

This year's crop experience is different from most other years. Usually we have been too optimistic as to results. The inspection figures that are available up to date make it plain that a much better crop, both as to quality and quantity, has been harvested than even the best-informed anticipated. The trouble is apparently to arise in getting it to market. The movement has started later than last year and with much more grain to handle, there are undoubtedly great difficulties ahead. The Panama Canal and the G. T. P. cannot be rushed through to completion any too soon. When we have ports that are open all winter as accessible both to us and to the world's markets as those on the Pacific will then be, it will make a tremendous difference. This trying to rush the crop through in the few weeks that elapse between harvest and the close of lake navigation is all foolhardy.

The acquiring of the bulk of elevators in Alberta by the astute financier, Sir Max Aitken, and his plans for adding to them, have hardly received the attention that they should. It means that he realizes what an enormous change the big switch at Panama is to make in Alberta. Grain growing can then be carried on under much more favorable conditions here than in any of the other western provinces, where we are the most poorly off in this respect of all three.

It has long been known that it was only necessary for Mr. R. B. Bennett to purchase property or near an Alberta town to have property near by take a jump. This is a powerful influence for one man to exert. It was reported at Taber ten days or so ago that he had purchased the Lawson farm adjoining the town and large tracts in the neighborhood changed hands on the strength of the statement. But it has since been denied that Mr. Bennett made any such purchase.

Vermilion has formed a 10,000 club which is pursuing an energetic publicity campaign. The Northern Development Company, of which Sir James Outram is the head, he having just succeeded to the title by the death of his father, has extensive plans for the town and district. Hon. J. R. Boyle has been visiting some time in Edmonton, visited Vermilion last week. He has been a large investor in lands in that district, so the Vermilion Signal states.

Mr. T. Frame Thomson, the English capitalist, who has been visiting Alberta, has just invested \$30,000 in Athabasca Landing, according to Hon. J. R. Boyle, who accompanied him there.

It is said that rock samples from the Fraser River have been shown in large quantities and that an Anglo-German syndicate has an engineer at Port George now making investigation.

The vicinity of Fort George, paying close to half a Lord Joicey recently purchased 24,000 acres in million dollars for the same.

A high water mark will be set in Calgary real estate if the report proves correct that the Royal Bank has purchased the Hudson's Bay corner for \$1,000 a foot.

There has been decided activity in the northwest portion of Edmonton during the past week. Various rumors in regard to radial railway developments as the recent decision of the city street railway de-

partment to extend to the G.T.P. shops are responsible.

Mr. J. K. Cornwall, M.P.P., returned this week from the Peace River. In an interview he said: "Thousands of bushels of grain over and above the needs of the settlers have been grown in the Peace River this year, and the farmers will have to store it until they can ship it out by rail. There comes a point beyond which grain cannot be economically stored by settlers who have been raising crops for several years past. There will be financial distress among some of the settlers, unless the railways build into that country faster than they have been doing."

In an active programme of railway building into a new country was never better justified than in this instance. The people have gone into it in such large numbers as to make this absolutely necessary.

The series of "plain talks" which "An Investor" has been giving in Canadian Finance are very valuable. In the last number he has this to say about farm lands:

"American, Canadian and British investors alike have enjoyed substantial profits from operations in Western Canadian farm lands. In the case, for instance, of the Hudson's Bay Company, the average price obtained per acre in the past ten years has practically tripled—increasing from \$4.88 in 1901 to \$14.01 in 1911. The C.P.R.'s president lately pointed out that the average selling price of that company's land in 1911 was a shade over \$1 an acre. In the year ending June, 1912, the average was \$16.50."

But, it is asked, may this very advance not be the precursor of a reaction? And the answering of the query not only concerns buyers of Western lands, but is of vital importance to loaning interests.

"Farm lands remain the one cheap thing in Western Canada," is a remark not seldom heard nowadays. And there is something in it. In the nature of things there is not the same danger of sudden inflation that there is in urban property values.

The well-cutter, on the one hand, and the blind speculator, on the other, both look upon the townsite and the subdivision as affording the secure they desire for their operations. Then, too, farm lands, like good central city properties, call for too much capital to enable them to attract every Tom, Dick and Harry who gets a touch of the speculative fever.

That the present farm values in Western Canada are, for the most part, bound to have a considerable advance seems evident from a casual glance at conditions across the United States border. As already pointed out in these columns, at the beginning of the twentieth century the average value of farm lands in the United States was \$15.50 per acre; during the first decade of the century the average value had more than doubled to \$30.00.

It was said by pessimists that there would be a collapse in land prices during the time following the boom of some two or three years ago. But, as the New York Post put it: "There was, after the apex of the boom was reached, merely a halt in selling; but as there came a revival of the high price level for farm products, renewed activity was noticed, and prices held firm or advanced."

An official report last year by the United States Tariff Board gave the average value of farm land in Minnesota as \$16 an acre, compared with \$29 in Manitoba, \$22 in Saskatchewan and \$20 in Alberta—leaving a considerable margin for gradual appreciation. This is the root reason for the interest of American farmers to Canadian territory—which, no gubernatorial proclamation, nor exposition boycott of Canadian exhibits, can check. It also explains why American farmers are content to pay prices relatively high in some cases for lands in certain favored districts. Even \$10 an acre for new land may be in line with the average price yesterday in London, when the Salvation Army laid the remains of the dead chief to rest. But the price was a rare and singular thing. Let any one who is minded to belittle it, as himself how many men in history, devoid of rank or power or station, have won from their fellow-men, high and low, such a tribute of love, devotion and respect. They must be very few. It does not detract from the rarity of the demonstration that similar scenes were enacted at the funeral of Mrs. Booth in October, 1880. She was the joint creator of the Army with her husband, and the two funerals may be regarded as parts of the same ceremony separated by an interval of twenty-five years. The only comparable occasion in this country, at least in modern times, was the burial of Dr. Livingstone in 1874. He, too, was a man of no worldly position who had won the universal respect of mankind by devoting his life to the service of his fellows. His body, too, was borne along the streets through dense throngs of spectators, who were in silence as it passed. There is something in the life of the great African missionary, an explorer, a pioneer in the wilderness but shrinking from public gaze that appeals more to the imagination than the career of the younger missionary who lived all his days in the fiercest blaze of publicity and advertisement. But it is not different ways of working, and the words of Sir Bartle Frere, describing Livingstone, are not less applicable to Booth. "The work of his life will surely be held up in ages to come as one of singular nobility and self-sacrifice, and his unflinching energy and self-sacrifice in execution." That is a combination which compels the admiration of all save the dull and the base. The men who have it are rare, and we may be thankful for them. They do not succeed and make it difficult to say of either of these missionaries how far he succeeded in his aim. Nor does it

There is one important factor not always recognized in the indictment that Canada offers to United States farmers. As mentioned in a preceding issue of Canadian Finance, present United States banking methods bear heavily upon farmers—and they are content to recognize the advantages enjoyed in this regard on this side of the line.

When the little local bank of Wheatville, Kan., loaned to the farmers, elevator men and merchants all that its resources warranted, it must stop lending. The farmer may offer his note secured by wheat or stock and the bank cannot accommodate him; the mill may have 50,000 bushels of wheat in store, but it cannot use that security to borrow from the bank. The bank's only resource is the slow and clumsy one of sending the paper elsewhere, trying to find, if possible, some other bank to loan to its full capacity. With this are contrasted conditions in Canada where, to quote Professor Laughlin of the University of Chicago, "it is not necessary to have a stringency, great or small, at periods of crop moving." This comes about from an elasticity in the system, which, as the demand for agricultural loans expands, and is applied through the hundreds of bank branches which are thrown open to the agricultural districts by strong, highly capitalized institutions.

An important change went into effect this week in connection with the oldest insurance business in the city of Edmonton, that conducted for twenty years by Mr. St. George Jellett. It is being taken over by Mr. Jellett's son, Mr. L. G. Jellett, who has been associated with his father for some time past and Mr. John D. Cameron. Both the members of the new firm have had a first-class training. Before taking up his duties with his father four years ago, Mr. Jellett was for two years at the head office of the Royal Insurance Company in Winnipeg. Mr. Cameron was for four years with the Bank of Commerce, two years with Allan, Lang, Killam and Mackay in Winnipeg and for two years has been inspector for the Canadian Insurance Co.

The firm will represent the Royal Insurance Co., Ltd., the Commercial Union Assurance Co., the Western Assurance Co., Ltd., and the Western Canadian Accident and Guarantee Insurance Co. An insurance business of all kinds will be done, and bonds, loans, and real estate handled.

Victrola All Star Performance

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A man must be dull of soul who is unimpressed by what took place yesterday in London, when the Salvation Army laid the remains of the dead chief to rest. But the price was a rare and singular thing. Let any one who is minded to belittle it, as himself how many men in history, devoid of rank or power or station, have won from their fellow-men, high and low, such a tribute of love, devotion and respect. They must be very few. It does not detract from the rarity of the demonstration that similar scenes were enacted at the funeral of Mrs. Booth in October, 1880. She was the joint creator of the Army with her husband, and the two funerals may be regarded as parts of the same ceremony separated by an interval of twenty-five years. The only comparable occasion in this country, at least in modern times, was the burial of Dr. Livingstone in 1874. He, too, was a man of no worldly position who had won the universal respect of mankind by devoting his life to the service of his fellows. His body, too, was borne along the streets through dense throngs of spectators, who were in silence as it passed. There is something in the life of the great African missionary, an explorer, a pioneer in the wilderness but shrinking from public gaze that appeals more to the imagination than the career of the younger missionary who lived all his days in the fiercest blaze of publicity and advertisement. But it is not different ways of working, and the words of Sir Bartle Frere, describing Livingstone, are not less applicable to Booth. "The work of his life will surely be held up in ages to come as one of singular nobility and self-sacrifice, and his unflinching energy and self-sacrifice in execution." That is a combination which compels the admiration of all save the dull and the base. The men who have it are rare, and we may be thankful for them. They do not succeed and make it difficult to say of either of these missionaries how far he succeeded in his aim. Nor does it



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greatly matter. The great thing is that they had the aim and pursued it with unflinching energy and self-sacrifice. They are an example and a light; they raise the whole standard of conduct in their generation and in the way which men with different gifts cannot compass. As for those who succeed and make it difficult to say of either of these missionaries how far he succeeded in his aim. Nor does it

THE MIRROR

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In the Estate of John Ab Quai, late of the City of Edmonton, in the Province of Alberta, Merchant, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims upon the estate of the late John Ab Quai, who died on the 28th day of June, A.D. 1912, are required to send to National Trust Company, Limited, Edmonton, Administrator of the estate of the said deceased, or to Messrs. Wallbridge, Henwood and Gibson, Solicitors for the said Administrator, on or before the 15th day of October, 1912, a full statement of their claims and of any security held by them, duly verified, and that after that date the administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which notice has been filed with it or its Solicitors.

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I HEARD RATHER A GOOD ONE

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," remarked the husband as he surveyed her gown. "You can't jolly me into wearing this dress another season," responded his wife.

Artist—I'd like to devote my last picture to a charitable purpose.

Critic—Why not give it to an institution for the blind?

"I see social people at Newport had a baby show."

"Where did they get the babies?"

"It was a loan exhibition, I believe."

The stage manager was flirting with the sonneteer when the comedian came nosing around.

"In that case we have a pretty good audience tonight," said the comedian, as he peeped through the curtain.

The boat was drifting idly when he proposed. She gazed at him calmly from her end of the craft as a matter of course.

"As a sailor of common sense realizing that we are in the heat of a body of water to feed in depth and that if you were to act as you should act if I accepted you, we would be capsized, I will decline your proposal at this moment—but, George, row to shore as fast as you can and ask me again."

The city chap who had hired out as extra farm hand during the harvest was not quite able to respond to the 1 o'clock pounding on his bedroom door the first morning as promptly as he had anticipated.

"The fellow with the lingual was for a quarter of an hour past the appointed time and then dragged himself out, and by half-past four he was stumbling across the field where the old farmer was hard at work."

"Fine morning," said the newcomer briskly. The old fellow looked up sourly.

"Yes," he growled; "it was."

In moonshine districts, where the whiskey looks like water and is as drunk like water, strange ideas prevail as to what intoxication really is. In a village on Saturday afternoon, a man lay in the boiling sun in the middle of the road with an empty bottle by his side. "He's drunk; lock him up," the sheriff said. But a woman interposed hastily. "No he ain't drunk," she said. "I just seen his fingers move."

Squire Briggs-James, why do you suppose that old hen perches in laying in the coal yard?

James—Your Honor, sir, I think she has seen the advertisement on the barn. "Now is the Time To Lay in Your Coal."

"I want to make a deposit," said the stranger in a New York bank. The teller looked around cautiously, and when he spoke his voice was dropped to a whisper. "Savings, commodity, or policy?"

he asked—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Boston Transcript: "Pa, what is an 'open letter'?"

"Any letter addressed to me that I get when I arrive home, my son."

—Philadelphia Bulletin: "What's the trouble with you and your fiancée? Is he jealous?"

"Well, he isn't exactly jealous, but he's what you might call old-fashioned. He doesn't want me to be engaged to anybody else."

—Benevolent Party—Don't you think fishing is a very cruel sport?

Angler—Cruel? Well, I should say so. I've sat here three days and not had a bit, been nearly eaten up by gnats and stung by two wasps, lost my pocket knife in the river, and the sun has taken all the skin off the back of my neck.

"Colonel Brown seems to be very literary," remarked a visitor to the Brown household to the negro maid, glancing at a pile of magazines lying on the floor. "Yas, ma'am," replied the ebony-faced girl, "yas, ma'am, he sholey am literary. He's nat'ally lit'ral things all ovah his year house."

There was a youth, in his first week of college, who, when he went to the stationer's to buy a fountain pen, felt desirous that the young woman who waited on him should know that, despite his youth, he was no high school boy.

When she handed him a sheet of paper he wrote on it with much care in a large, bold hand, "Alma Mater," "Alma Mater," eight or nine times.

The young woman watched him with a smile, and at last she spoke.

"Why not let her try it herself?" she suggested.

"If it doesn't suit, she can easily exchange it."

An American and Scotsman were walking one day near the foot of a mountain in the Highlands.

The Scot, wishing to improve the visitor, produced a famous echo to be heard in that place.

When the echo returned clearly after nearly four minutes, the proud native, turning to the Yankee, exclaimed, "There, man, ye canna show anything like that in your country!"

"Oh, I don't know," said the American. "I guess we can't better that. Why, in my camp in the Rockies, when I go to bed, I just lean out of my window and call out, 'Time to get up.' Wake up! and eight hours afterward the echo comes back and wakes me."

At a reception at the American Embassy in Paris Ambassadeur Biscan was asked by a beautiful and vivacious French woman for a narrative of his adventures in America. She was clearly disappointed when told that the Indians no longer scalped people in the mountains of Virginia, but she insisted that he must have had thrilling experiences of some kind.

"Well," he finally admitted, "I was robbed once."

"How interesting. Do tell us of that?" she exclaimed.

THE MIRROR

"Well, I was at a lonely railway station, located on the outskirts of a town. I had noticed several dead bats hanging around, and—"

"Ah," she interrupted, "I know what ze bat is—he is ze swindler, non? An' zate was several dead ones hanging around—it had been what you call ze lynch?"—Popular Magazine.

"With all your wealth are you not afraid of the proletariat?" asked the deliver in sociological problems.

"No, I ain't," snapped Mrs. Newrich. "We boil all our drinking water."

CAUGHT IN A PRAIRIE FIRE

"An Old-Timer" contributes the following to British News in Canada:

I have been caught several times in bad prairie fires, but I think one of the worst was in the fall of 1879:

We were a small party, one four-horse team and two saddle horses. We were taking down prisoners, one a ravine half-breed lunatic, who had shot his squaw and brained her baby; the other a horse thief who gave us no trouble and was in a help in many ways. We used him well and gave him plenty of freedom during the day. At night we pitched our tent close to the wagon and shackle one of his legs to the wheel around the iron tire so that it could not be cut through. The lunatic was secured by a short chain around the tire attached to his handcuffs. He slept under the wagon on the opposite side of the tent. We could not have fired for fear he would have all hands awake and bad nitly ways and have no end of trouble.

Washed Him Dead

Our friend, the steady chief, said one night: "Indian fashion is the only way to deal with that guy. Shoot him, or give me a gun and I will, and say he died. I will not give it away you may be sure for the sake of my own skin."

Although this was out of the question, of course, I can't say any of us would have gone into mourning if he had died a natural death.

We were obliged sometimes to handle this poor fellow without gloves much against our will, but he was a big, husky, cunning brute, and he was not subdued, and if given the chance would have wiped out the whole outfit.

We tried kindness at first, but it did not work. He took on one day and very seriously injured the man who was detailed to keep an eye on him. We had to knock him on the head and stun him before we got the better of him. After this he was given no chance until the day we were caught in the prairie fire.

Strong Hold

There had been no rain for weeks and the grass was very dry. We were travelling with the wind, and it was blowing a perfect gale from the west. The fire was still a long way behind us, but the smoke was thick and blinding. Water was running out of the horses' nostrils and eyes, and we were in the same fix.

We knew by the amount of smoke that the fire must be a big one covering a wide stretch of country and were consequently uneasy and urged our horses to their utmost for ten or fifteen miles, trying to make Big Salt Lake and to get to the further side, and let the fire pass us, but found out that we could not make it.

Two of us rode ahead and tried to set the grass on fire so that we could get our outfit on the burnt ground, but we could not do it. The wind was blowing such a gale that the fire would only burn in a narrow streak, as it ran the sides were blown out so that it could not get any hold, and very soon it burned itself out. No such luck, as the fire was behind us to blow itself out; it had too strong a hold.

Through the Flame

When this plan failed we rode back to the wagon and the Sergeant gave the order to unhitch the horses, blindfold them, face the fire, and ride for all we were worth through it on to the burnt ground and to unhitch the lunatic; the other prisoner was not ironed.

As soon as the lunatic was free he jumped out of the wagon and made across the prairie away from the fire. We went after him and after a stiff tussle got him lashed to a horse. A man jumped up behind and held him on.

When we got back to the wagon the fire was within a hundred feet of us. We turned our horses and rode for it, and got through on to the burnt ground, all but one horse which broke away from the man who was leading it. When the fire had passed the wagon we ran to it and pulled off the cover which had caught fire. The wagon itself was not damaged except that the paint was blistered. The horse which had broken away had to be shot, he was so badly burnt.

Everything Scare

After this the trip was very hard with one horse short, and travelling for days over burnt ground; the only feed we had for our animals was a little grass growing around the edge of some lakes and swamps and we were hard pressed for fuel, the dry falo chips being all burnt up, and there being no wood in that part of the country.

However we landed our prisoners safely. The lunatic did not want to leave us at all and said the Police were his only friends and he loved being like "Bruders." We shed no tears at parting, and made up for our hard trip by having a good old time in Winnipeg until the trail again for the West.

FALSE TEETH LEGAL TENDER

(Kansas City Telegram to the Chicago Inter-Ocean)

Into Tony's place at 402 Main Street Saturday afternoon came the man with a permanent thirst. He stilled up to the bar and in a husky voice announced to Jerry, the red-headed bartender:

"Say, Bo, I got to have a drink and there's no use discussin' any compromise. I'd rather drink than eat an' my stomach craves food. Jus' to show you I'm all right even if I hain't got no money an' I'm sincere an' all that, here's my false teeth for one bowl of suds, man's size, an' sly th' call. Do I cash 'em in?"

"You do," replied the bartender, and took the man's upper and lower maxillaries without so much as a "bat of the eye."

"I'll be back and redeem 'em to-night," "If you don't I'll fit another man to 'em," warned Jerry, as he wrapped the molars in a piece of moist tissue paper and rang them up in the cash register as "5 cents."

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MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

When this department of the Mirror is being written, every one is on the tip-toe of expectation in connection with the visit of the Casino company in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. There is not the slightest exaggeration in saying that the cast is the largest that has been gathered together in America for comic opera and Edmonton is more than fortunate in securing a visit from it. Let's hope, though, that DeWolf Hopper is merited and does not recite "Casey at the Bat" by special request.

Nothing of their kind has stood the test of time so well as the works of Gilbert and Sullivan. Those who were theatre goers in the eighties know the immense popularity which they then had when the professionals were producing them regularly. Gilbert and Sullivan's tuneful music was heard everywhere.

Since then we have had to content ourselves almost wholly with presentations by amateur companies. All of the four that the Casino company offers this week have been given in Edmonton by our own talent. Undoubtedly the most successful was last week's "The Mikado," the feature of which was the inimitable Ko-Ko of Mr. D. L. Robinson. I doubt if DeWolf Hopper can improve upon it.

About five years ago "The Pirates of Penzance" was given in the Thistle Inn, the leading role being sung by Mrs. Gagner, Miss Bessie Phillips and Mr. T. O'Kelly. Later came "Pinafore" in which Miss Pinckton, now Mrs. E. McLeod, Mr. H. G. Hunter and Mr. T. H. Griffiths were to the fore.

All of these were under the direction of Mr. Vernon Barford, who has done so much for music of all kinds in Edmonton.

"Patience" came later. In many respects it is the cleverest of them all and Miss J. Forrester gathered together an admirable company for its production. Writing from memory in this as in the case of the other operas, the leading roles, I think, were in the hands of Miss Pinckton, Mr. Turner, Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Nash and Mr. McIsaac.

For a long while we never had anything in the operatic line in Edmonton that could touch the work of our own amateurs. They filled a particularly useful place in the life of the city at that period in our history. Conditions have now changed, but it is to be hoped that this will only have the effect of stimulating them to new effort.

As usual, the Empire was crowded to the doors at the end of the Orpheus performance, the first three of the week. There can be no question of the success of the venture. A larger theatre in which to present the bills becomes a necessity.

The headliner, Howard Grey, certainly deserved his place. He was extremely clever and amusing. Gus Weinburg was just Gus Weinburg. If you have ever seen him in any play, you will remember him in all the others and he appears a good deal funnier on the first occasion than on the last. Charlie Olcott's "A Comic Opera in Ten Minutes" and the musical melange entitled "The Call of the Sixties" were two very enjoyable novelties. The two Alfreds did good work. Beatrice Michelsa was a disappointment after her press notices.

I see by an Ottawa paper that our old friend, Mr. H. Irving Beers, under whose direction several amateur plays were put on in Edmonton some years ago, has opened a dramatic school in the Dominion capital. With him is associated Mr. H. McDonald Walters, who has been a prominent figure in Ottawa offerings for the Earl Grey trophy. Mr. Beers should be a good man for the work that he undertaken.

I see that Miss Alice Neilson and the complete concert company with which she appeared in Edmonton a year ago, with the exception of Riccardo Martin, is to visit Winnipeg and Calgary. Mr. Martin is also coming through the West with Rudolf Ganz the pianist. Apparently both organizations are passing Edmonton, evidently as a result of the poor house in Edmonton last autumn. There are two things that the management should remember in this connection. The Neilson-Martin concert was given in the rink, which is most unsuitable for such purposes, and in the second place the city has developed greatly in twelve months. It is a pity to lose the opportunity of hearing such artists, when we pay out big money to hear those who are distinctly inferior.

I have been reading during the past week what appeals to me as a very strong book "He Who Passed" has had a very large sale and deserves it. It brings home as nothing else could the difficulties that beset those who seek a career on the stage. These hardships have been discussed lately in England as a result of some startling statements that were made at the Trades Union Congress by Mr. J. R. Williams of the Musical Union.

He asked the congress to pledge itself to obtain a minimum wage for chorus singers and to put an end to the sweating and degrading conditions that existed in the theatrical profession. The congress passed a resolution to that effect.

"The outside life of a public performer is well known, but the inside life is a closed book to the general public," he said. "There is many a heartache behind the smile. There are bitter struggles and wasted lives and broken hearts of which the audience know nothing."

Coming to definite facts, Mr. Williams gave instances of girls being engaged to sing, play and understudy in a "certain" for \$7.50 a week, from which 10 per cent. was deducted for agent's commission, and the girl had to provide her own costumes and make-up. This, he said, would be tolerable if it were regular, but for about half the year these people are "resting," which is a polite way of saying they are out of work.

He told of a panmure manager, who himself an agent, took 10 per cent. from those whom he engaged. At one theatre \$4 a week had been paid for eight performances.

It was, Mr. Williams said, often said that the profession was immoral. The immorality was in the payment of these scandalously low wages. How could a girl live in the West End of London on this? And often she had to work for two to six weeks at rehearsals, which were not paid for.

He instanced one production in which the payment was 30s. a week. There were six weeks' rehearsals, and some of the artists were dismissed after the first week, so that they had worked seven weeks for 30s., and they had to pay a fine of a week's salary if they missed a rehearsal. One woman told him her salary was so low she had to make love to the secretary to obtain an advance of 5s. a week.

P. Michael Faraday, who is producing "The Girl in the Taxi" at the Lyric Theatre, defended the London manager.

"The accusations made by Mr. Williams at the Trades Union Congress," he said, "only apply to chorus girls attached to theatrical companies touring the provinces. It is well known—in theatrical circles at any rate—that the London managers give chorus girls every possible consideration. So far as I know they are well paid at all the West End theatres, and rarely in any case does a girl receive less than £2 (\$10) per week. In many cases, indeed, the salaries exceed this sum.

"In addition to this all their stage requirements, including such important items as dresses, shoes and stockings, are found for them by the management. As a matter of fact, also, I paid half salaries to the members of my Flunk Lady company during their two weeks' rehearsals before they started on tour.

"Apart from this," added Mr. Faraday, "opportunities for advancement in the profession are afforded to all our chorus girls. Any girl who exhibits some particular capacity receives every encouragement to further ahead."

Another West End manager admitted that "while Mr. Williams quoted rather extreme cases to the Trades Union Congress his statement was not exaggerated."

"But I blame the chorus girl herself for her condition," he said. "There are many girls on the stage today who are absolutely incompetent and have no right on that account to appear before the public. Any girl who has some claim to the possession of a reasonably pretty face thinks she ought to be on the stage, and by hook or crook determines to get there. Thus it is that she is prepared to work for any small salary in order to achieve her end, and even then there is great competition among them for positions in the chorus."

"Naturally there are theatrical agents and managers wishing to raise a cheap company who take advantage of this competition among the girls and offer them the very lowest of payments."

There was little doubt about it: he was not a success as a melodramatic actor. The part of the dashing hero in "The Mystery of the Pickled Cabbage" did not suit him at all.

He was hampered by his lines, and sometimes even forgot what he had to say; nor did he lay his hand on his heart a sufficient number of times, nor roll his eyes about like a fish. Whereat he found much disfavor in the eyes of the audience.

Just before the crisis of the play he cracked the heroine to his manly bosom, and cried, in broken accents:

"Sweet one, keep a brave heart! The worst is yet to come!"

Promptly came a voice from the gallery:

"You ain't goin' to sing, are yer?"

The first oil painting ever made of Miss Maude Adams, not in character, a canvas that with its frame measured seven feet high, reached New York last Monday from Pittsburgh, where it has been on exhibition in the art museum of that city. The portrait is the work of John W. Alexander, and is the result of a year's intermittent study. Mr. Alexander is president of the National Academy of Design. His painting of Miss Adams was a part of his exhibition this spring in Pittsburgh and New York.

The canvas, set in an Alexander frame, was hung yesterday in the foyer of the Empire Theatre, which will now be its permanent resting place. It is a full length portrait and represents Miss Adams, with her hands clasped before her, stepping forward as if to greet a visitor. The canvas is declared by everybody who knows, the most remarkable interpretation of the spiritual quality of its subject achieved by anyone.

Probably the most ambitious production planned by Charles Frohman for the coming season is "The Honor of Japan," a French play upon a Japanese subject. "The Honor of Japan" will employ over two hundred people and will require sixteen novel sets of scenery following Japanese designs.

The dispatches from Europe announce that the seats at the first production of Richard Strauss' new opera at Stuttgart will cost \$25 to \$30 each, and the newspaper critics in various cities have received invitations, each accompanied by a bill for \$7.

Richard Strauss is a genius. There is probably no doubt of that. But just as Strindberg says, "There are crimes and crimes, so also there are geniuses and geniuses. There are geniuses whose utterance touches the soul of humanity and lives on through ages. And there are geniuses whose voice and express some human phenomenon of the moment—some striking but passing phase in the course of life and thought, and whose utterance passes with the time which gave it birth."

The most extreme advocates of the genius of Richard Strauss explain, in arguing for the enduring qualities of Strauss' music and fame, that Wagner was attacked throughout his life as bitterly as Strauss is attacked.

It is true that to be great is to be attacked. But it is not necessarily true that to be attacked is to be great. Greatness in one, and perhaps more, of its many meanings must certainly be accorded Richard Strauss. He is great in the expansion of the resources of the orchestra, for one thing. But the ultimate appeal to his music is quite another matter. The charging of \$25 to \$30 a piece for seats for his new opera would appear to speak very strongly against it.

Wagner attained humanity in his music because he constantly aspired to speak to and be heard by the soul of the people. Any one who follows the course of Wagner's thought will realize how ardently he sought to reach the people through his art. Aristocratic as he may have been in many of his personal whims, he was a thoroughgoing democrat in his art and beliefs.

The thought of writing virtuosic operas and forcing the price of admission up to five or ten times the normal amount would have been abhorrent to



Scene from the "Chocolate Soldier," Empire Theatre, Next Week.

him. Such a procedure implies before all else the aristocratic, the luxurious, the exotic.

There is no indication in this of an aim to reach and touch the soul of the people. The indications are precisely in the opposite direction. It would seem as if the composer were not trying to give something to the people, but to get something out of them—at least out of those whose degree of material success has made them legitimate prey.

Richard Strauss will get good advertising out of this newest proceeding, but the price which he pays may possibly be the forfeiture of humanity's belief in his musical sincerity.

EUGENIE AWED BY PARIS GOWNS

(Paris Cablegram to the Chicago Examiner.) The Empress Eugenie, who has just paid a visit to Paris, has returned to the love of dress that ruled her when she led the world of fashion. During

her recent visit she asked an old friend to get up a party of the best-dressed women in the city. Two great of the most elegantly gotten up in the metropolis responded to the invitation and the Empress reviewed their magnificent creations.

After many queries as to the details of texture, cut and modern style, the Empress, who first introduced crinoline, said:

"What artists your dressmakers are. Ah! If the modistes of my day had dressed me like that, what a France I should have made and what fetes I should have given. But are not the prices ruinous? When I was on the throne I never paid Madame Roger, my dressmaker, more than \$120 for one of the toilettes with which I was afterwards so vehemently reproached."

The Empress' own dress is of sombre black, indicating her grief. Notwithstanding her eighty-six years, however, she showed the enthusiasm of a young girl over the Paris creations.

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THE LEISURE HOUR

THE BINGER

By Nancy Byrd Turner.

She used to sing above her sewing,
Whether the world was dark or fair.
If green leaves at the window blowing
Shook light and shadow on her hair.
Or tullen storm-clouds, gray with rain,
Made the room sombre; late and soon,
Still steady her needle plied,
In time to some old tune.

Down shimmering ruffles silken, comely,
Through ragged hem and gaudy rent,
Ever, 'mongst dainty things and homely,
Defied her rhythmic fingers went.
Now slow above a buffing plume,
Now swift a level seam along,
Till all the stuff was cloth of gold,
And broadened bright with song.

There never was a task too weary
To lighten at those liting strains,
There never was a day too dreary
To echo back those brave refrains.
Across her face intent, serene,
While thought, like angels unaware,
From joy to peace—the tenderness—
Changed with the changing airs.

Old ballads, rimes of lass and lover,
Clear chant and carol; at the dim,
Dusk hour, when work was almost over,
The burden of a blessed hymn;
And sometimes, when the way of "rats"
A tiny garment pure as snow,
Hushing, the happy notes became
A lullaby crooned low.

Always she sang above her sewing,
Until at last the melody
Was like a liquid river flowing
In sweet content to some far sea.
To-day I flung the shut door wide,
And faltering, swift, on the sill—
Lo, all the little empty room
Was rife with music still!

You do like the old, homely things, don't you,
even you women who wear the hobbiest hobbles,
who are most advanced in the way of "rats"
and "pufts," who grow slim or "embonpoint," as the
fashion dictates.

I saw you did at the Empire the other night, when
the man and the woman, she dressed in the fashion
your mother used to wear, came out, and in the
gloaming, strummed you on their guitars, the old
favorites that held the boards, when you and I were
beams in arms, and the young men wore long, heavy
heads or side-urns, and the young ladies the
quaint, sweet poke bonnets and big round hoops—
of thirty, forty and fifty years ago.

"Old Dog Tray!" Think of it, beside "Every-
body's doing it."
"My Darling Clementine" given place to "Oh,
you beautiful doll."

They are neither of them either remarkable for
wit or sense, but about the first there was a senti-
mental "homely" something that bears well the test
of years when placed alongside the "cooon" quality,
that seems the smart career of the "big successes" of
recent years.

"Honey, deah-ah-ah-ah,
Listen deah-ah-ah-ah."

You know the accepted method of rendering all
the "latents," both on the stage and in the "draw-
ing" room. I hate it.
It is music prostituted, just as we are prostituting
nearly every thing else that we can lay our
hands on.

We might do a great deal worse than "go back"
in many respects, to the days of antecessors, and
simple, honest folk, to "Old Dog Tray," and to the
times when we took to the stage as a family, not
as a dozen various units, with practically nothing
in common.

At the bottom of our hearts we are most of us old-
fashioned.

Oh, I know you no longer keep your family pic-
nics in your living-rooms, to be shown with pride
to all your visitors.

I know you keep your children out of sight when
friends drop in.

I know you apologize for the things of which you
are secretly most proud—but I am not taken in.
Your husband down at his club, and your child-
ren pursuing their various recreations, one here and
another there, you gain all to a degree of freedom,
has not taken, and never will take, the place of the
evenings in your old home, when the whole "bunch"
of you enjoyed life together.

It is an age of smartness, in many ways an age of
cleverness.

Is it a particularly happy age?
Were you not more content, in those earlier years,
when you held ideals, as well as opinions, when you
didn't scold at men's honor and women's virtue, and
generally "believed" in things, as you have grown
too clever to do in these days of stripping every-
thing naked, from faith to a woman's garments.

Such little happenings as the singing of an old
song, dear from association; such mild as a noble
woman gives you, who has the courage of her ideals
and convictions; the joy of a child's pure, unadorned
smile, why, what do you suppose all the smart
things have to show by comparison?

Smart things are cold, and unreal, and paltry, but
the worth-while things of life never become old-
fashioned, because they are built on such founda-
tions as simple worth and goodness, and love—and
these live forever.

Soaking of the old home evenings, do you re-
member the "family dinners" that used to be the
fashion?

The Christmas affairs, the occasions when the
whole crew of you dined at Grandfather's or Aunt
Jane's? Heavy repasts made up of many courses,
and from which you emerged very weary, because

while the elders talked, you simply stuffed, and
stuffed, and stuffed.

In anticipation they weren't unmixed joys. In
retrospect, they have taken on the mellowness, and
softened tones of time, and have become very dear,
because then you were all together, and now you
are scattered never to meet around a festive board
this side of eternity.

It is strange how a conversation I had with a
friend this week, dove-tails into what I have been
trying to express.

It was round the luncheon table at "Glencoe,"
when Mrs. Colin Campbell happened to refer to the
strain and stress of life as we live it at present, and
the reaction that is setting in as evidenced by our
growing enthusiasm for the things of other days.
The old handicrafts, the furniture and treasures of
a by-gone generation.

"The whole trend of the times," she remarked "is
sending wives and mothers back into the home. We
can't get adequate domestic service, therefore we
will have to learn to do the work ourselves. Oh
yes, we will, because the man of moderate income
can't stand the present-day wages, and the waste
and rack of unskilled labor in the kitchen."

"I think too," she might have added, "that the
wives and mothers themselves are growing tired of
being useless. Of making everything a sacrifice
on the altar of public appearances."

I look for the day, I do really, when we will drop
all our little deceptions, and go back and have the cour-
age to be just ourselves. "To be content to be honest,
to be kind, to earn a little, and to spend a little
less."

I cannot think that there is a time coming when
you or I will look back "lovingly" at
"Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh you beautiful doll!"

Albert Chevalier, the comedian, tells of an amus-
ing conversation he overheard in the old Lyceum
Theatre. He was sitting in the stalls enjoying one
of Sir Henry Irving's famous scenes when he be-
came conscious of an unusual amount of whispering
proceeding from his left. The interrupters were
two stylishly-dressed young ladies. "Quite too
nice, isn't he?" said one referring to Sir Henry. "Oh
quite more than nice," answered her companion. "I
only, doesn't it strike you—a little weakness in the
knees?" "The beauty" retorted her friend, "my
dear girl, that's his pathos."

ASTERS AND GOLDENROD

By Margaret Lee Ashley

My meadow is a lawless queen,
And where her purple gown is rent
She catches it with sunburst green,
And laughs, and is content.

The golden tatters of her cloak
She trails along the dusty ways,
And waves her scarf of acute smoke
To fan the brush-fire's blaze.

She leaves her veil of violet mist
A dangle from the apple boughs,
And flings her sandals, jewel-kissed,
Where heedless cattle browse.

She waves a taunting flag of gold
To south-bound birds that dare not wait,
And mocks the envoys of the cold
That will not abrogate.

The heavenly autumn days are with us once
again.

The leaves, as I write, are swirling, and whirling,
against my study windows, brown, gold, some still
green, a few reminiscent of those mad, crimson ones
we of the East knew and loved. There is a haze in
the air, and once again I thank God I was born
an autumn child, season of change and charm,
and moods and tenors. Life has always meant Sep-
tember days for me.

I am mad with love of it, or ready to drift away
with the leaves, and go blowing behind the wind
listless; irresponsible—as don't care—as they. For
those people who take life easily I have the greatest
compassion.

I want to be out in the elements. I want to buffet
and be buffeted. I want to be drunk with the
leaves and the madness of life.

I want to drink it to the lees, as Fate indeed
seems ever to have decreed that I should. For I
have known the bitterness of failure. I have master-
ed so many of its lessons, too late, for any credit at
the examinations, or to be of use to those for whom
I would have given my life.

I am an April day for tears, and a September
child for regrets.

Better, though, than even the riotous beauty of
this season of seas—I love the songs the wind
sings, and the gay, wild dances he holds wherever
there are trees or bushes to aid him in his revels.

For I have a notion that wind means purification.
It means a blowing away of dust and cob-webs,
a sweeping-out of old prejudices, and hates, and
hurts long-cherished.

Present comes the Winter, to lay its still, cold
hand on all the confusion. When that time comes,
it will be well to be clean of heart. To have the
fresh vigor and courage that Autumn brings us all.
For the same keen, frosty air that brings color to
the trees, brings color to us also, and life to our
step.

We stand up straighter, and move more briskly;
just to breathe is an exhilaration. Then, too, those
occasional days when the air is still and hazy, and
filled with a glow of warmth from the sun;
those mellow days in which we may fairly steep our
selves in luxury before we come to those shorter
days, when lights gleam early, and we are glad
to reach our beds, frosty air that brings color to
the glow and cheer within.

I love all seasons, but first in my heart is this
twilight of the year. However, I must get on to
my front page.

A walk through the southern part of what we
still, from force of habit, refer to as Strathcona
shows that the buildings are stretching out in that
direction well in advance of the completion of the
high level or of the street railway extensions. A
large number of buildings have gone up recently
along the Calgary trail or close to it. The building
of the Imperial Hotel and the Standard Company will
cost \$25,000 and seventy-five men will be employed
at the start.

WHY WAR CANNOT PAY

(Toronto Star.)

Norman Angell (Ralph Lane) has written an article on the Panama Canal question, under the title, "Why Not Fight?" It seems a curious title to be chosen by a peace advocate with a celestial pen-name, but Mr. Lane is using it to drive home the lesson, that Great Britain and the United States do not fight, and in all human probability will not fight over the Panama Canal or anything else. Why? And if they do not fight, why should any two nations fight?

Norman Angell, if we may judge by the brief cable report, asks what would have happened if Germany and Great Britain had been engaged in as many and as serious controversies as Great Britain and the United States in the last century. Let us fill in the cable report by enumerating some of these controversies:

The Main boundary. "Fifty-four forty, or fight."

The Oregon boundary. "Fifty-four forty, or fight."

The Fenian invasion of Canada.

The Atlantic Fisheries question.

The question of Venezuela.

The Alaskan boundary.

Some of these were quite as important as the question of the Panama Canal. Great Britain and Russia went to war in the fifties. Almost any of them would be regarded, say by the National Review, as a sufficient excuse for going to war with Germany. Yet Great Britain and the United States did not fight. Why?

To find the answer you should buy or borrow Norman Angell's book, "The Great Illusion." Whether you are a peace man or a war man this book will interest you.

Norman Angell is not a peace man in the ordinary sense. He says nothing about the horrors of war, or its cruelty or inhumanity. He simply says that war does not pay.

He does not deny that life is a struggle. But he says that our struggle ought to have some intelligent aim, and that international war has none. It is like a bar-room fight, of which the sore-headed parties cannot remember the cause next morning. It is like an idiot's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

McLaughlin's "DRY"



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SPORTING WORLD

A few weeks ago I suggested that Edmonton, seeing that it has good golf links already laid out, on the riverside park, should maintain these for the use of the general public. I wrote that in Liverpool public links have just been opened. To avoid overcrowding, a charge of sixpence is made for eighteen holes. The links are all in the Bowring Park estate. The idea is really well worth while considering here. Golf is not a rich man's game in the old country and should not be considered so here. The initial work having been done on the local links by the Edmonton club, it should be a very easy proposition to keep them in shape without any expense to the city, the Liverpool plan being followed.

The sequel to the discussion that has been going on in England as to the poor showing made by the country at the Olympic games is much more interesting than the discussion itself.

When so much talk was heard about the degeneracy of the English athlete and the necessity of imitating American methods, that prince of Sportsmen, Lord Desborough, said "Fudge." He could not see that any good purpose would be accomplished by trying to win victories as the Americans did. There was no use going into sport as a business and there was no fun in the thing.

"Why," he added, "I could not be at all surprised if, when the next Olympic games at Berlin are held four years hence, the Americans would have the great Finnish runner Kolehmainen in their team."

The New York Post characterized this as an insult and called on Lord Desborough to withdraw the statement. But the other day it admitted that its apology was due to him. "The runner has had three years and nine months to run and already the Finnish athlete is a member of the Irish-American club in New York."

"The reason why this world-famous athlete bearing the Celtic name of Kolehmainen will join the Irish-American organization is that the members of this club were first at the ship when the ship came in with Kolehmainen on board. Otherwise he might have conceivably been affiliated with the Greek-American Athletic Club, the Hebrew-American Athletic Club, or the Hebrew-American Athletic Club."

If international athletics has come down to this kind of thing, what is the use of keeping it up? The Americans have no more excuse for boasting about their Olympic team than the people of New York or Boston have about their baseball nine that will represent them in the World's championship baseball games next week.

None of the Boston Red Sox have their homes in Boston and it is doubtful if any large proportion of the Giants live in New York. It is simply a case of going out and buying a team and calling it by the city or the country's name.

There is no real sport in this. Certainly when England is beaten at the Olympic games by these tactics, there is no reason to be alarmed and to feel that her ancient glory is departing. It would certainly be degrading if she Americanized her sporting methods.

In writing this, I do so, fully recognizing that we must have professionalism. But the professionals should make their home in the place that they represent. The residence rule that prevails in English cricket should prevail. Yorkshiremen can cheer for their county champions even though this year all but one of the members of the team are not Yorkshire men, because these professionals have been developed on Yorkshire playing fields and have their homes in the county.

Discussing the winning of the International pennant by Toronto, Canadian Collier's says:—

"Toronto fans got a good deal of satisfaction. Yet when you look out over the field and watch a game between, say, Rochester and Toronto, you cannot point to more than one Canadian player. There is nothing unusual in this. The history of sport in these days, and our only reason for mentioning the fact is to remark upon the number of times it is looked upon as 'the history of the world' how baseball levels all differences, wipes out the boundary line between Canada and the United States, and tends to promote good feeling between the two countries."

"It shows," says another, "the absurdity of professional baseball. Only one man on the team is a Canadian! Kelly himself only comes to Toronto for the home season, and takes his profits back to his American home to spend them." "It shows," says a third, "nothing more than the fact that Toronto happened to place its money on the right aggregation of men. It reflects no merit on Toronto, no merit on anybody in particular except on Joe Kelly and the team." "We had another man in the team, but it was this difference between a winning baseball team and a winner in a horse race: that the dead horses of the race track leave their impress in history, lead a little of their speed and endurance to the world of horses, while baseball horses are here now, gone to-morrow, and leave little or no good effects in the blood of the race. But the horse has been seen a game. He did not know that the game is the most popular summer stimulant in two nations—and one that leaves no ill effects."

As to the comment in the last two sentences of the above, it is hard to see what bearing it has on the argument quoted. Are athletes to be nothing more than a "popular summer stimulant" to the man in the grandstand? Should there be no local pride in a team? Were not games invented to be played? Should we hire our money in the hands of the city, their work being watched as we would the fate performed in a travelling circus?

I clipped this from one of the Edmonton papers the other day—

Bill Hurley, Ducky Holmes, Ferdy Manning, Joe Thelan and Phil Dellar, known to baseball fans all over the Pacific coast, are the stars of the country, through playing with organized teams in Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho and Montana, also in the middle western states and in the province of Alberta, have gone to their homes near St. Paul de Metis and Elk Point, 50 miles northeast of

Edmonton, where they will pass the next six months in improving their properties.

"The country is full of big and small game of all kinds," said Hurley, when asked how he and his fellows had planned to pass the time until the beginning of the training season next spring. "We expect to hunt and fish and go after big game. But before we do that there are cabins to be built and other things to do around the homesteads. I guess we can keep occupied and I also believe every man will be as hard as nails and in good trim for next season's work on the ball field. We have laid in plenty of supplies of all kinds."

This is something we all like to see. Alberta ought to be able to hold many more of her imported ball-players than she does. There is no part of the continent in which they can better prepare themselves for the days when even the busiest kind of a bush league has no use for them.

The World's championship series is not easy to size up in advance. In view of their experience and general record, the Giants should win out, but those of us who could not see how the Athletics could win a year ago are being very careful about any too definite forecasts.

The Rugby game on Saturday between the Tigers and the Eskimos should set a high water mark in Alberta Rugby. Both teams seem to be able to hold their own with the best in the country and the struggle will be a game one. Deacon White has worked very hard in bringing his men into shape. They won very handsomely last week against the Calgary Y. M. C. A. and on Saturday will have an entirely different nut to crack.

The school games at the High School grounds on Monday brought out an interested crowd. It is a good thing to see athletics taking hold with the youngsters the way it is. School sports have been left to the residential schools in this country and together too much in the past. Young Montgomery's work on Monday is breaking no less than four school records was a fine display.

The defeat of the Australians by the Philadelphia team should make some of the people of this country who have looked down on cricket in America, sit up. A win by two runs is a comparatively novel sensation in cricket. It was due for the most part to that splendid bowler, the Great Old One.

It is definitely announced that the Australians are to play in Winnipeg and Victoria. Winnipeg could take a chance on the western cricket in America, sit up. The games will be watched with keen interest, but it is a pity that a really representative Canadian team or even a Western Canadian team could not be placed in the field. Could it not even yet be arranged to have the Winnipeg game with representatives of the three prairie provinces? It is to be played on Oct. 21 and 22.

An English correspondent of the Winnipeg Saturday Post sends this review of the athletic season in the Old Land:

"The cricket championship of 1912 trailed off to a dull finish at Kennington Oval, Surrey, when Surrey beat Warwickshire by six wickets. It is hard to tell to what extent the competition has suffered as a result of the counter-attack of the Triangular Tournament. The latter event proved so disappointing as an alluring inducement to it that it had filled the bill. To be sure, most of the counties have painful financial details to reveal, but sunshine is as essential to cricket as to sweet peas, and when the summer goes raining mad, the prosperity of the game is bound to suffer. In the early part of the campaign, when the weather was fine, there were satisfactory attendances and some heavy scoring. August probably established a record in the fact that it produced only seven cricket and many more tennis tournaments. Of the 172 matches played during the year, five had to be abandoned without the bowling of a ball, nineteen failed to produce even a first innings, and only three were decided on the first innings. The number of finished contests was ninety-five. Various schemes are suggested for averting such a situation of cricket in future years, and the proposal that the match should be played from seven o'clock in the morning until the beginning of play on the opening day of a match, and also protecting the pitch during any lengthy cessation of proceedings caused by the weather. The idea would have worked splendidly this season. Next year it might be a grave injustice to bowlers. There are times in which the bowlers stand badly in need of rain or rain occasionally to lighten their arduous work and give them a little encouragement. Imagine a dry summer (it certainly is hard to imagine) and the trundlers deprived of most of the few drops of assistance rendered by the heavens. The result would be an outcry against tinkering with the established principles of cricket. Before we make a change such as that suggested, we need to be able to forecast a season's weather."

It has been a disastrous season for Con Jones and his Vancouver lacrosse team, for he finished the season near \$8,000 in the hole.

A South African athlete recently attempted in the Pass of Kilkerrankie to leap the gully at the River Garry, which is twenty feet wide.

After the battle of Kilkerrankie, in 1689, a pursued Highlander cleared the river and escaped.

There is practically no rain available, and the South African failed in his daring attempt, but he escaped his tracks and left the river intact. The water was running high, but he was got out by his friends uninjured.

Harper's bazaar has the following, which is of interest in view of what the Olympic games showed had been accomplished by the women athletes of some European countries:—

Dr. Augustine Parry of New York, a sane and close observer, points out a modern peril to which athletics and their mothers should be heed—the danger of over-exercise. Dr. Parry is far from being an alarmist; on the contrary, he believes that modern girl, sees her extraordinary possibilities, glories in her outdoor life, and loves the enthusiasm which she goes into all she does, no, however, is it in these conditions that the girl's danger lies.

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Her enthusiasm may carry her too far in her athletic contests and vigorous five-mile walks; and, if she does must pay the penalty at the crisis when her strength is needed most. Dr. Parry's thoughtful words will find a swift response among intelligent mothers and educators. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that their message will reach the athletic girl herself.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Continued from Page 1

side the Clover Hat Bridge, and all that, but bolstered myself up with the hope that our up-to-date dealers laid in big supplies in their yards. Now I learn that so far as most of them are concerned, none of them own yards except back-wards like you and me. And that their "sheds" very much resemble your, and my, word-shed. The consequence is," said the dealer, "that the first cold day everybody descends in frantic haste to order a shed—to be delivered that very day—and then the trouble begins."

Our methods of drawing coal in wagon loads, as the weather permits, is a very primitive one. Yet this is the way the majority of the dealers manage. "It's a few yards."

"All your own fault the way you people arrange your affairs," said the coal dealer. "If you laid in a season's supply in the summer, as they mostly do down East there wouldn't be this trouble."

"I told the Man of the House this, but his reply was 'Pustum'—(there's a reason.)"

Down East the coal will bear storing. Here we're too poor in the first place, Mr. Higgar's very One doctor pronounces the particular type of the disease at present so prevalent in town, as a particularly dangerous form. Now none of us are signing to be planted for a while yet, and please we'd like to know—what's the trouble?"

From present indications we are in for a big typhoid epidemic.

What's the reason? In the latest of the finest residential section of the city there are three bad cases within a few houses distance. Something wrong there surely.

Why let some systematic effort made to trace the cause?

Is it the supply?

Is it the sewer?

Is it the water?

At any rate, is so telling an instance to be allowed to pass by without some investigation?

One doctor pronounces the particular type of the disease at present so prevalent in town, as a particularly dangerous form. Now none of us are signing to be planted for a while yet, and please we'd like to know—what's the trouble?"

I was wondering what had happened to the Conservative Protest against Mr. Cross's election, when I read in one of the local papers Mr. Higgar's very learned argument about Colonaire's unpropitious eligibility as a voter.

One doctor pronounces the particular type of the disease at present so prevalent in town, as a particularly dangerous form. Now none of us are signing to be planted for a while yet, and please we'd like to know—what's the trouble?"

there is such a thing, and if there is such a thing, who can testify that the Ministers of the Crown don't juggle it—and there you are.

I think Mr. Higgar is very close to being a Christian Scientist.

There is no anything—save in our imaginations. There is no Colonaire Carstairs. What seems so may be only a shadow. And yet how real he appears!

Was it his "ghosts" that interfered with the street car service that day? Lay you a bet Mr. Higgar could prove it so.

In fact I think he could move mountains or prove anything.

When I finish reading legal arguments indeed I begin to believe that devils are angels, and husbands never ill-treat their wives.

I liked Mr. Mackie's address to the Police Magistrate in the I. W. W. Logan case. There is a smack about that expression, "this poor slave whom I have the honor to represent, etc., etc., that promises well for Mr. Mackie's part in the forthcoming Municipal and Provincial Elections.

Mr. Joe Clarke too is getting in some fine letter writing and playing to the gallery, and all around we ought to have a very jolly little party."

The days when Mark Anthony harangued the populace with "Friends, Romans and Fellow-countrymen, lend me your ears," fade into insignificance beside such soul-stirring sentiments, as "this poor slave"—he would change that you see very readily to the plural, "These poor slaves"—meaning you and me.

Then there are always "mimion," "catfish," "varlet" and other good old stand-bys to rely on.

Oh I tell you this Gilbert-Sullivan engagement is a hold-up at \$8, when you consider what we no longer have, at silver-collection-only prices, when these rare elections come on.

INTERVIEWING MR. BORDEN

(The Prime Minister on his return from England was met at Quebec by a number of newspaper men, but smilingly refused to be drawn into a discussion concerning his missions to the old land.)

"Pray tell us, Mr. Borden, about the German scare: Are things as black in England as painted over there?"

"The Premier at once replied, his face all wreathed in smiles."

"They say the fleet at Spithead stretched over thirty miles!"

"What do you know of Winston? Pray, is he coming over?"

"Upon a Super Dreadnought, out-breathing flames and war?"

"The Premier looked up again, and answered in a serious tone."

"The rooms, we had at the Savoy were really very nice!"

"And what about the navy? Now, won't you give a tip?"

"Of what the policy will be resulting from your trip? The public is very keen on hearing you explain!"

"We had," said Mr. Borden, "an awful lot of rain!"

"—The Mac," in Toronto Saturday Night.



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MARK TWAIN'S LETTER TO QUEEN VICTORIA

It was one day in 1887 that Clemens received evidence that his reputation as a successful author and publisher—a man of wealth and revenues—had penetrated even the dimmest of the British tax office. A formidable envelope came, enclosing a letter from his London publishers and a very large printed document about the income tax which the queen's officers had levied upon his English royalties as the result of a report that he had taken Buckingham hall, Norwich, for a year, and was to become an English resident. The matter amused and interested him. To Chatto & Windus, his English publishers, he wrote:

"I will explain that all that about Buckingham hall was an English newspaper's mistake, was not in England, and if I had been I wouldn't have been at Buckingham hall anyway, but Buckingham palace, or I would have endeavored to have found out the reason why."

"But we won't quarrel. We'll pay as if I were really a resident. The country that allows me copyright has a right to tax me. Reflecting on the matter, Clemens decided to make literature of it. He conceived the notion of writing an open letter to the queen in the character of a rambling, garrulous, but well-disposed courtier, whose idea was that her majesty conducted all the business of the empire herself. He began:

"Madam—You will remember that last May Edward Bright, the clerk of the inland revenue office, wrote me about a tax which he said was due from me to the government on books of mine published in London—that is to say, an income tax on the royalties. I do not know Mr. Bright, and it is embarrassing to me to correspond with strangers; for I was raised in the country and have always lived there, the early part in Marquette county, Missouri, before the war, and this part in Hartford county, Connecticut, near Bloomfield about eight miles from the city of Farmington. I never call it mine, which it is impossible to be, for I have walked it many and many a time in considerable under three hours, and General Hawley says he has done it in two and a quarter, which is not likely; so it seemed best that I write your majesty."

The letter proceeded to explain that he has never met her majesty personally, but that he once met her son, the prince of Wales, in Oxford street, at the head of a procession, while he himself was on the top of an omnibus. He thought the prince would probably remember him on account of a gray coat with flap pockets which he wore, he being the only person on the top of an omnibus. He kind of a coat.

"I remember him," he said, "as easily as I would a comet."

The letter, or "petition," as it was called, was published in Harper's Magazine, and widely copied. It reached the queen herself in due time, and the prince of Wales, who never forgot its humor—Albert Bigelow Page, in Harper's Magazine.

No one appears to have agitated themselves very much in his social very this past week. Calling is being resumed gradually, and as there are several brides and hosts of new-comers since last season, this occupation occupies and keeps even a woman of leisure who makes any attempt at keeping up with the new people, busy for some time to come.

It is heavenly weather for visiting, quite to attractive outdoors though, to make hobbing in and out of houses leaving one's tickets, a very popular occupation. I like it better when there is a very decided nip in the air, because then a grate fire, a cup of tea, and a little chat, seem about the nicest things that could happen to you. There are going to be shoals of lovely new homes to pay a first visit to.

Over on the South Side, and away in the West End, I am constantly passing the most alluring-looking new dwellings, and knowing one's friends houses are located somewhere in the district, I am promising myself all kinds of interesting tours of inspection.

I hear there are a number of dances on the tiles. The private ones I know of, while "The Assemblies" will begin on Oct. 25th, providing the Separate School Hall can be obtained on that date. Last year's natterness will again act in that capacity for the season of 1912-13, while the names of the committee and that of the Secretary, are shrouded in mystery.

The Assembly list will be confined to two hundred and fifty. If you are asked to belong you can join. Some limit must be decided on, as already the city is growing so big, and accommodation is still so small, that everybody who wants to, can't be asked. The only thing that I can see for the left out, is to organize a second Assembly series. This should be easy to do.

The Hospital Hall is due sometime soon. I know of one house dance being arranged for. Another, was a delightful daughter as the centre of interest. Soon the whirl will be on.

Mrs. Parlee is expecting Mrs. Kittermaster of Narnia, Mr. Parlee's sister, and Mrs. Muriel Garvey of Sarnia, on Saturday, for a visit.

I see Mr. and Mrs. Norman Soars have returned to town, looking splendidly after their visit to the Old Country.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Douglas have bought Mr. Robert May's house on 15th St.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gieselin have taken a house on 12th St. and expect to move in sometime towards the end of next week.

Mr. Parlee and Mr. Rolt were among the early hunters of the coveted prairie chicken, bringing in a fine bag on Thursday to their credit.

Mr. O'Leary of St. Albert, and her three sweet little daughters left on Tuesday for Chatham, Ont., where the children will enter the Nesline Convent in that city, as pupils. This convent was Mrs. O'Leary's own old school, so consequently their going off to boarding-school is robbed of a great deal of its usual strangeness for her young daughters.

After Christmas Mrs. O'Leary will go on to California for the benefit of her health, which has been far from what friends and family would like of late.

Mrs. Francis Love of London, Ont., announces the marriage of her daughter Irene Currie, to Mr. Edward James Archibald, on Wednesday, September the twentieth, nineteen hundred and twelve, at 562 Wellington Street, London, Ont.

For the past year or so, Miss Love has done a great deal of publicity work for the C.P.R., at Calgary, also lecturing in England in their interests. Her journalistic career extends over a number of years. She is a charter member in the Canadian Women's Press Club, a constant contributor of short stories to "Canada West" and other magazines, and is undoubtedly one of the cleverest of the younger journalists in Canada to-day.

As an old-time friend and sister-woman of the pen, I wish her all kinds of happiness and good-fortune in the new life.

At Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick's girls' tea on Saturday, for the Misses Rudolf of Vancouver, Mrs. Kate, Mrs. Charlesworth and Madame Thibaudau presided at the attractive tea-table along with a great bowl of golden mums, while Mrs. Scoble, Miss Norah Campbell and Miss Sowden assisted. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a handsome toilet of blue and gold tulle velvet, with touches of blue and gold on the corsage.

Miss McGregor of Galt, Ont., will arrive in the city on Thursday and will be the guest of Mrs. Mervin Hay, Edmonton south, until Monday next, when she will visit Mrs. Allan Fraser.

Miss Bessie and Miss Lisle Scott returned on Tuesday, a snub's visit with their brother, Mr. Maurice Scott, at Mile 53, on the G.T.P., and through the mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Rolfe and family and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lowe and family will sail from Liverpool on October 12th, on the Megantic, on their return home.

Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Wood, formerly of Peterboro, Ont., have taken a residence at 839 Wadsworth Park, Twenty-Sixth Street, where Mrs. Wood will receive for the first time since coming to Edmonton on Thursday, October 3rd.

Miss Anna Belcher who has been attending school in England landed in Montreal on Sunday last and is now on her way home.

Madame Thibaudau was the hostess of a bright, informal little tea on Wednesday, for Lady Gouge of Quebec, Mme. de Carr, and Mile. Beaujou, who spent the day visiting the Alberta Capital.

Mrs. Muir Edwards will be a tea hostess this Friday at her home on the South Side.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Douglas are staying at the Corona.

Dr. Fields of Vegreville has purchased the D. S. MacFarlane's house on 24th Street. Mr. and Mrs. MacFarlane leave very shortly for a visit to several American cities and will spend the winter months in Ottawa.

Mrs. MacDonald Sr. and Miss MacDonald, mother and sister of Mr. Donald and Mr. Kenneth MacDonald, left on Tuesday to make their home in future in Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Archibald are home from a delightful trip to Chicago, St. Louis, and a number of other American cities.

Mrs. Haborsham received for the first time since coming to town, at her attractive suite in the Arlington Apartments, on Tuesday last, a great number of callers dropping in to welcome her to Edmonton.

The hostess was wearing a charming white lingerie frock, inset with the loveliest hand-made lace, while Mrs. Gieselin and Miss Viova Sonerville assisted, the latter looking very pretty in a modish brown silk and chiffon toilet, and Mrs. Melville Cardell, the South Side, poured tea at the very artistically arranged tea-table.

I was very sorry not to get out to the Royal Alexandra Hospital to the Nurses Graduating exercises on Tuesday night. I hear such very flattering references to Miss Fair service's and her staff's splendid work in the new building. The graduates were Miss Ellen Myrtle MacCrae, Miss Anna Maddock Campbell, and Miss Irene Donnan.

Dr. Harrison gave the address to the graduating class.

Two happy features of the evening were the graduating nurses' presentation to their superintendent of a beautiful brooch and address, and presentation by Mrs. Morgan, on behalf of Messrs. McGrath and Holgate, of a magnificent Heintzman Grand piano, for the use of the nurses.

A jolly dance and the serving of refreshments, brought the evening to a close.

Mrs. Jack O'Neil Hayes, entertained at a smart Girl's luncheon on Wednesday.

"THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER" AT THE CHOCOLATE THEATRE, OCT. 10-11-12.

Brightest and best of all light operas that have filled the American and European continents with their self-reliant echoes since the days of Gilbert and Sullivan, in "The Chocolate Soldier," the well-known work of Oscar Strauss, leader of Vienna's musical circles, who has contrived to embody the spirit of the romantic comedy-satire, "Anne and the Man," of George Bernard Shaw, in melodies that are yet on the lips of millions.

Still on the pinnacle of its popularity under the finished presentation of the Whitney Opera Company, "The Chocolate Soldier" is marching into town to be reviewed by the theatre-goers of this city at the Empire Theatre.

At the time of the arrival of "The Chocolate Soldier" on these shores two seasons ago, the American light opera world was so overrun with weeds in the shape of tenth-rate musical shows furnished with shabby music and paltry plots, that the flower of Viennese opera might have been expected to droop and wither before audiences that were flatly prejudiced against anything in an operatic guise. A less courageous manager might have hesitated. But Mr. Whitney has unbounded confidence in the merits of "The Chocolate Soldier" and the discernment of the American public. The result more than justified his venture. New York's most conservative and sceptical critics, each with each other in doing honor to the lyric fertility of Strauss' genius. The night before the first American performance of "The Chocolate Soldier" as a comic opera was regarded as a dead issue. The morning after, every lay and professional devotee of the theatre saw the dawn of a new era for light opera on the horizon. Mr. Whitney and "The Chocolate Soldier" had won the battle. The opportunities for a manager to distinguish himself in presenting the strange foreign beauties of Bulgarian landscapes and interiors to a New York audience are unlimited, and in staging "The Chocolate Soldier," Mr. Whitney is conceding to have a new high-water mark for richness and faithfulness of scenic equipment. The company is an excellent one, comprising many well known artists, including the famous Whitney Opera Orchestra of selected musicians under the direction of Mr. Max Fishander. Prominent in the lists, George Oggle and J. F. McDonough. Also Rena Vivienne, as the Berger, Lucille Saunders, Charles Purcell, J. Russell Powell, Olive Randolph, Sylvan Langlois, George Oggle and J. F. McDonough.

LIBERTY IN LETTERS

Sir James Donaldson, Principal of St. Andrew's University, suggests that everyone ought to be allowed to spell as he likes.

Go as you please! Ay, that's the golden rule. Which youth is apt to follow without telling. Why should we spoil the golden days of school by worrying our young about their spelling? Freed from the deadening grip of dull formality let each display his individuality!

Phonetics? Pah! A solemn fraud, despite the learned folk who advocate it strongly. How can a pupil spell a word aright?

If he should happen to pronounce it wrongly? Why should we cramp the youthful mind's ability by asking orthographical facility?

For in the anxious days of Good Queen Bess, Ere Briton's moral courage quite forsook them. Quite contented folk, we must confess,

Softly piously as he humor took them, And did our poets write the poorer verse for it. Or was our country anything the worse for it?

Com. brothers, let us up and break the bands! Which pedagogues have fastened on their better! Let us arise and free our shackled hands!

Let us be something more than men of "letters" Who, sons, new-born, shall rise to heights so glorious That we shall satisfy the most censorious!

—Touchstone in London Daily Mail.

JAIL FOR WOMEN CIGARETTE SMOKERS

(Denver Telegram to the New York Herald.)

"Equal rights" for women. That's my platform, and you can throw me in jail as often as you want, but you won't change it," defiantly shouted Mary McManis 38 years old, when found by policemen in Seventeenth street today smoking a cigarette.

"I've got as much license to smoke a cigarette as the rich hogs of New York; them as do it every day in the year and nothin' said about it," she said.

"But New York and Denver are different places," protested the police. "You will have to throw away that cigarette or go to jail."

"Then to jail I'll go," was the retort. When she arrived at the station's quarters she was still puffing on her cigarette and clutching in one hand "the makins."

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